

THE CLARION
FOR THE
CAMPAIGN.

With a view to extending the circulation and usefulness of THE CLARION, we have concluded to enter names for the Weekly edition for One Dollar, and for the Daily Edition for Four Dollars, UNTIL THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER NEXT.

Notice to Correspondents.
We earnestly request our correspondents in remitting funds through the mails to register or procure post office money orders. This is an essential precaution against fraud.

Bankrupt blanks for sale at this office.

Democratic Meeting.

The Democrats of the 1st Judicial District of Hinds, will assemble at the Representative Hall, in Jackson, at 7 1/2 o'clock, on Saturday evening next, 23d inst., to complete the organization of the Association, and arrange for the early assembling of a County Convention to nominate a ticket for the Legislature. As this object is of vital importance, and as time is pressing, it is hoped that every Democrat of the District will be present on Saturday evening.

A. R. JOHNSTON,
Pres. Dem. Ass'n 1st Dist.

For the Legislature.

If W. F. Johns, Esq., and Dr. Wirt Johnston, will consent to become candidates for the House of Representatives, they will receive the hearty support of the young Democracy of HINDS.

Avoid Poison.

Invalid reader, do you know what nineteen-tenths of the bitter compounds you are solicited by the proprietors to accept as universal panaceas are composed of? Give heed for a moment. They are manufactured from unpurified alcohol, containing a considerable portion of *fast oil*—a poison almost as deadly as prussic acid. The basis of the regular tinctures of the Materia Medica is the same. No amount of "herbal extracts" can overcome the bad tendency of this pernicious element. The essence of sound Rye, thoroughly rectified, is the only stimulant that can be safely used as a component of a tonic, alterative and anti-bilious medicine, and HOSSETT'S STOMACH BITTERS is the only medicinal preparation in the world in which this article is used as an ingredient. It gives strength without producing excitement. No other tonic does this. All the ordinary Bitters flush the face and affect the brain. HOSSETT'S BITTERS diffuses an agreeable calm through the nervous system, promotes digestion and produces sleep. No other tonic so quickly restores the exhausted physical energies, restores the appetite and removes the gloom and depression which accompanies weakness of the bodily powers. It purges from the system the morbid humors which retard its natural functions, and which bring paleness to the cheek and suffering to the brow. It banishes those clogs upon pleasure, restores the system to high health, and necessarily proves a valuable adjunct to the digestive organs. A trial is all that is needed to establish it in the confidence of the skeptic.

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so honest and true."

If they had been wise, the dire necessity of opening the grave for one so lovely might have been averted. Plantation Bitters, if judiciously used, will rescue the young and lovely, the middle-aged, and the ailing, from confirmed sickness. Almost all diseases have their beginning in some slight difficulty of the stomach, which would eventually in Dyspepsia, Headache, Liver Complaints, Night Sweats, Consumption, Dropsy, and finally in the grave. Bitters will prevent these premonitory symptoms, and keep the blood pure and the health good.

While they invigorate the system, they enliven the mind.
We wish to call the especial attention of all our readers to the advertisement in another column, of our enterprising friends, James Riddle & Co., of Louisville, Ky. They are proprietors of Dr. Thos. A. Hurley's celebrated STOMACH BITTERS, HURLEY'S SARPAPARILLA, the great blood purifier, HURLEY'S AGUE TONIC, the best now offered to the public. Also, his celebrated WORM CANDY. Read advertisement. All these preparations are guaranteed to do all that are said for them, or no charge for medicine. So, with Dr. Seabrook's Infant Soothing Syrup, and Elixir of Iron and Bark. Also, Dr. Bellon's English Horse Liniment, good for man and beast. Try them, and we are satisfied you will have no other. All of them are free from injurious ingredients. Any child could take them with perfect safety.

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Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention are due, and are hereby tendered to Mr. Angelo Mazzia, for his use of hall and lights kindly tendered by him.

On motion, the Convention adjourned till half past seven o'clock to-night, to meet in Representatives Hall.

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS.

"Albert, I wish you would let me have seventy-five cents."

Kate Landmanspoke very carefully, for she knew that her husband had not much money to spare, yet she spoke earnestly, and there was a word of entreaty in her look.

"What do you want seventy-five cents for?" asked Albert.

"I want to get some braid for my new dress."

"I thought you had all the materials on hand for that."

"So I thought I had; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Thompson both have a trimming of braid upon theirs, and it looks very pretty. It is very fashionable, and it certainly adds much to the beauty of a dress."

"Plague take these woman's fashions! Your endless trimmings and thing-a-majigs cost more than the dress is worth. It's nothing but shell out money when once a woman thinks of a new dress."

"Surely, I don't—have so many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can."

"It is a funny kind of economy, at all events. But if you must have it, I suppose you must."

And Albert Landman took out his wallet and counted out the seventy-five cents, but he gave it grudgingly, and when he put the wallet back into his pocket he did it with an emphasis which seemed to say that he would not take it out again for a week.

When Albert reached the outer door, on his way to his work, he found the weather so threatening that he concluded to go back and get his umbrella; and upon entering the sitting room he found his wife in tears. She tried to hide the fact that she had been weeping, but he had caught her in the act, and asked what it meant.

"Good gracious!" cried the husband, "I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress?"

"I was not crying at what you said, Albert," replied Kate, tremulously; "but you were so reluctant to grant me the favor. I was thinking how hard I have to work; I am tied to the house; how many little things I have to perplex me—then to think—"

"Pshaw! what do you want to be so foolish for?"

And away started Albert Landman a second time, but he was not to escape so easily. In the hall he was met by his daughter Lizzie, a bright-eyed, rosy cheeked girl of ten years.

"O, papa, give me fifteen cents?"

"What?"

"O, I want fifteen cents. Do please give it to me."

"What in the world do you want of it? Are you changing school books again?"

"No, I want to buy a hoop. Ellen Smith has got one, and so has Mary Buck and Sarah Allen. Mr. Grant has got some real pretty ones to sell. Can't I have one?"

"Nonsense! If you want a hoop, go and get one off some old barrel. I can't afford to be buying hoops for you to trundle about the streets."

"Please, papa."

"No, I told you."

The bright blue eyes were filled with tears, and the child's sobbing broke upon his ear. Albert Landman hurried from the house with some very impatient words upon his lips.

This was in the morning. At noon, when he came home to his dinner, there was a cloud over the household. His wife was sober, and even little Lizzie, usually so gay and blithesome, was sad and silent.

But these things could not last long in the household, for the husband and wife really loved each other devotedly, and were at heart kind and forbearing. When Albert came to his supper, Kate greeted him with a kiss, and in a moment the sunshine came back; and had the lesson ended there the husband might have fancied that he had done nothing wrong, and that the cloud had been nothing but the exhalation of a domestic ferment, for which no one was particularly responsible, though he might have banished the conviction that women's fashions were a nuisance and a humbug, as well as a frightful draft upon a husband's pockets.

After tea, Albert did a few chores around the house, and then he lighted a cigar and walked out. He had gone but a short distance when he met Lizzie. In her right hand she dragged an old hoop, which she had taken from a dilapidated floor barrel, while with her left she was rubbing her red, swollen eyes. She was in deep grief, and was sobbing piteously. He stopped her child and asked what was the matter.

She answered as well as her sobs would let her, that the other girls had laughed at her, and made fun of her old hoop. They had nice, pretty hoops, while hers was ugly and homely.

"Never mind," said Albert, patting his little one upon the head, "for the

child's grief touched him; "perhaps we'll have a new hoop sometime."

"Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant's got one left—oh, such a pretty one!"

The sobbing had ceased, and the child caught her father's hand eagerly.

"Not now, Lizzie—not now. I'll think of it."

Sobbing again, the child moved on toward home, dragging the old hoop after her.

At one of the stores, Albert Landman met some of his friends.

"Hallo, Albert what's up?"

"Nothing in particular."

"What do you say to a game of billiards, Albert?"

"Good! I'm in for that."

And away went Albert to the billiard hall, where he had a glorious time with his friends. He liked billiards; it was a healthy, pretty game, and the keeper of the hall allowed no roughscuffs on his premises.

They had played four games. Albert had won two, and his opponent had won two.

"That's two and two," cried Tom Piper. "What do you say to playing them off, Albert?"

"All right, go in," said Albert, full of animation.

So they played the fifth game, and he who lost was to pay for the five games. It was an exciting contest.

Both made capital runs, but in the end, Albert was beaten by three points; and with a laugh, he went up to settle the bill. Five games, twenty cents a game—just one dollar. Not much for such sport; and he paid out the money with grace, and never once seeming to feel that he could not afford it.

"Have a cigar?" said Tom.

"Yes."

They lighted their cigars and then sauntered down the hall to watch others play.

Albert soon found himself seated over against a table at which some of his friends were playing and close by stood two gentlemen, strangers to him, one of whom was explaining to the other the mysteries of the game.

"It is a healthy pastime," said he who had been making the explanation; "and certainly it is one which has no evil tendency."

Albert heard the remarks very plainly and he had a curiosity to hear what the other, who seemed unacquainted with billiards would say.

"I cannot, of course, assert that any game which calls for skill and judgment and which is free from the attendant curse of gaming, is of itself an evil," remarked the second gentleman. Such things are only evil so far as they excite and stimulate men beyond the bounds of healthful recreation.

"That result can scarcely follow such a game," said the first speaker.

But the other shook his head.

"You are wrong there. The result can follow it two ways. First, it can lead men away from business; second, it can lead men to spend money, who have not money to spend. You will understand me. I would not cry down the game of billiards, for if I understood it, I should certainly ask you to try a game now; but whenever I visit a place of this kind, I am led to reflect upon a most strange and prominent weakness as developed in our sex. For instance, observe that young man who is just settling his bill at the desk. He looks like a mechanic, and I should say from his manner, and from the fact that he feels it his duty to go home at this hour, that he has a wife and children. I see by his face that he is kind-hearted and generous, and I should judge that he means to do about as near right as he can. He has been beaten and he pays one dollar and forty cents for the recreation of some two hours duration. If you would observe, you will see that he pays it freely and pockets the loss with a smile. Happy faculty! But how do you suppose it is in that young man's home? Suppose his wife had come to him this morning and asked him for a dollar to spend for some trifling thing; some household ornament, or some bit of jewelry to adorn her person—and suppose his child had put in a plea for forty cents to buy a paper and picture book with, what do you think he would have answered? Of fifty men just like him, would not forty and five have declared they had not the money to spare for any such purpose? And, moreover, they would have said so, feeling they were telling the truth. Am I not right?"

"Upon my soul," responded the man who understood billiards, "you speak to the point. I know that young man who has paid his bill and you have not misjudged him in a single particular. And what is more, I happen to have a fact at hand to illustrate your charge. We have a club for an excellent literary paper in our village, and last year that man was one of our subscribers. This year he felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife was very anxious to take it, for it had become a genial companion

in leisure moments, but he could not afford it. The club rate was one dollar and fifty cents a year."

"Aye, and so it goes," said the other gentleman. "Well, that man's wife may be wishing at this very moment that she had her paper to read, while he is paying almost its full price for a year—for what? And yet how smilingly he does it. Ah! those poor sympathizing wives! How many clouds often darken upon them from the brows of their husbands when they ask for trifling sums of money and how grudgingly the mite is handed over when it is given! What perfect floods of joy that dollar and forty cents might have poured upon the children of the unsuccessful billiard player. Ah! it is well for such wives and children that they do not know where the money all goes."

They had finished at the nearest table. The two gentlemen moved on, and Albert Landman rose from his seat and left the house. Never before had he such thoughts as now possessed him; he had never dwelt upon the same grouping of ideas. That very morning his own true, faithful, loving wife had been sad and heart-sick because he had harshly and unkindly met her request for a small sum of money. And his sweet Lizzy had crept away to her home almost broken-hearted for the want of a simple toy such as her mates possessed. And yet the sum of both their wants amounted to not as much as he had paid away that evening for billiard playing.

Albert Landman wanted to be an honest husband and father, and the lesson was not lost upon him. On his way home he stopped at Mr. Grant's, and purchased the best and prettiest hoop to be found with driving stick painted red, white and blue, and in the morning, when he beheld his child's delight, and had received her grateful, happy kiss, the question came to his mind: Which was the best and happiest result, this or the five games of billiards? The hoop had cost thirty cents. He could play two games of billiards less and be the absolute gainer of ten cents by the operation.

A few mornings after this, as Albert rose from the breakfast table, he detected an uneasy, wishful look upon his wife's face.

"Kate what is it?"

"Albert, could you spare me a half dollar this morning?"

And out came the wallet, and the money was handed over with a warm, genial smile.

What! Tears at that? Was it possible that she had been so little used to such scenes on his part that so simple an act of loving kindness thus affected her?

How many games of billiards would be required to secure such satisfaction as Albert Landman carried with him that morning to the shop?

A very simple lesson, is it not? But how many may gain lasting profit by giving heed to it?

A Thorn in the Pillow.

How pleasant it is when night comes and we are weary, to lay our heads on a soft pillow and go sweetly to sleep. But, it often happens that our pillow contains a thorn! I have just read a paper about a child who found a thorn in her pillow; and it hurt her very much. Shall I tell you about it? Well, here is the story:

A little girl went to visit her grandmother, who lived at some distance from her mother and father's home. She seemed happy all day, for she had everything to make her happy; but when her grandmother went to look at her after she was asleep, she saw tear drops on her eyelashes.

"A," said the old lady, the next morning, "you were a little home-sick last night, my dear."

"Oh, no, grandmother." Mable replied, "I could never be home-sick here."

It was just so the next night, and the next; at length grandmother thought, as the child seemed troubled, that she would sit in the next room until she went to sleep. Presently, although Mable was tucked up, she began to rustle the quilt and shake her pillow, and her grandmother heard a little sob so she went to her and said: "Mable, my child, you have a thorn in your pillow; what is it?"

Then the little girl hid her face and began to cry aloud. Her grandmother was very much troubled. At length Mable answered,

"O, grandmother, when I am alone here I cannot forget how I said, I won't mother, and I cannot unsay it; and mother is good and loves me so much, and—I was so naughty!"

And the tears streamed afresh down the child's cheeks. Here, then was the thorn in her pillow, and she would not withdraw it. And so it will be, by-and-by, with the little boy who is selfish and unkind at home now. When he is away among strangers he will think of the home of his childhood, and the recollection of some unkind

word or action will be a thorn in his pillow when he retires at night. And the little girl who does not care to help her mother now, will find a thorn in her pillow when that mother sleeps in the grave.

LOOKING BACK.

O God! I thank Thee for each wish Denied as well as granted; Since oft times what I crave, if given, Had been what I least wanted.

And, pausing at this finished round, This cycle of my being, My soul rejoices that its way Is with the great All-Seeing.

His thoughts are wiser far than ours Who sees from the beginning; And he who doubts the gracious end Repays the grace with sinning.

Who, glancing down his tangled life, Its thousand tricksome phrases, But sees revealed a perfect plan That all his soul amazes?

Each turning from the appointed track Has led directly to it; Each struggle to avoid the lot Has forged the struggler through it.

Each error has evolved new truth; Each grief brought strength to bear it; Each loss, great patience to endure, Or wisdom to repair it.

Each coil of folly has aroused Fresh efforts to unwind it; Each sin has left its after taste, Its bitter cure, behind it.

The sharpest discipline of life Has had its end to answer— As sick men strengthen 'neath the knife That cuts away the cancer.

O, hidden wisdom of our God! Who can by searching know it? And who, by seeking to reveal, But fails the more to show it?

With veiled arch angels round the throne We cover up our faces, And wait the shining of that day That every cloud displaces.

Counting, the while, our losses gained— Our trials, tender mercies; And reaping sweetest joy from pain, And triumphs from reverses.

HEART HYMN.

Bear the burden of the present, Let the morrow bear its own; If the morning sky be pleasant, Why the coming night bemoan.

If the darkened heavens lower, Wrap thy cloak around thy form; Though the tempest rise in power, God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast hope and faith unshaken Animate the trusting breast, Step by step the journey's taken Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen, the Master walketh By the toiling servant's side; Comfortable words He talketh While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief nor pain, nor any sorrow Rendeth thy heart to Him unknown; He to-day—and He to-morrow, Grace sufficient gives His own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen, Long endurance wins the crown; When the evening shadows lengthen Thou shalt lay thee down.

Bear on Nobly—Bear Nobly On.

Look aloft with eagle aim, With pressing energy; Glance upon the steps of time With spirit-soaring eye; Purpose in thy heart and mind; And success shall smile upon Effort in the will enshrined, Bear on—bear nobly on.

Arouse each dormant faculty Slumbering in the listless breast; Our worst and greatest enemy Is calm, inglorious rest; Whence poverty, contempt and shame; Awake! ere the occasion's gone, If in the race the prize ye claim, Bear on—bear nobly on.

Each moment, as it flies, employ; Let no hour be misapplied; Labor brought health and joy, And to virtue is allied. Sign not, "I have lost a day," As long as aught remains undone; Droop not, flag not on the way; Bear on—bear nobly on.

With the indomitable will, Bold eye and unflinching heart; Heavenward destiny fulfill, In life's battle bear a part; Heroic, soulful, earnest, strong, Clear as the morning sun; 'Tis clouds around thy path may throng, Bear on—bear nobly on.

Let the motto be, "I can;" These two words alone contain Hope and energy to man, Though his labor be in vain; Speak the bold cry on—proceed With thy destined goal in view, By many and heroic deed— Bear on—bear nobly on.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY A. E. PORTER.

Softly fades the light away, In the crimson west; Tenderly the dying day Glideth to its rest.

Sweet summer day, on stay thy flight! For sad the words, Good night! Good night!

Sternly looks the morrow now, With its life of care; Gloomily comes sorrow too, Bitter strife and prayer.

Long, weary days and tired feet, When night is welcome, rest is sweet.

Bravely bear then, shrinking not From the toil and pain; Joyfully endure the cross, There's a crown to gain.

Dark, weary days, and long their flight How welcome, then, Good night! Good night!

Gently comes the morn'g last, From that dreamless night; Joyfully the spirit free, Glideth to the light.

Now endless day, the conflicts o'er! And then Good night no more, no more!

"HOPE."

Hope is a star whose bright sparkling light Throws a beam over life, that no power can destroy. Its virtue we feel when the dark gloom of night Ourselves our prospects for pleasure and joy.

When clouds of affliction and trials surround us, And earth's transient pleasures are fading away, Then hope throws a mystical halo around us, That guides us from darkness to unchanging day.

When friends we have trusted grow fickle and share, And laugh at the sorrows they once would have shared, Then we look for that beacon—far lighter than gold, That the action of ages has left unimpaired.

There are times when our spirits are troubled and dreary, And life seems a burden too heavy to bear, Then hope tells the rest for the sick and the weary, In a region unstained by sorrow and care.

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